

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Instinct

She knew before it came
before it stood awkward at her door
in a uniform it couldn't breathe in.

It was far off at first
as though she'd left the phone off the hook
and another world was calling.

Then it got closer
building in volume like some great tidal wave
with nowhere to break.

And after they'd told her
she realised what the sound was
and carefully shut her mouth.

J.V. Birch

'Instinct.' J.V. Birch.
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